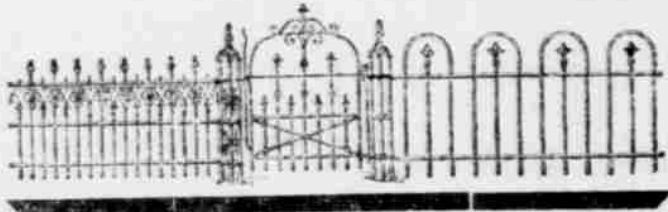


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Because it's everlasting.  
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Because every time you paint it it looks new.  
Because prices are economical.  
Because for durability it will last a lifetime.  
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Everything in Hardware  
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ITCHY, SCRATCHY PRICKLY HEAT

## Bear's P.-H. Remedy

Does away with the scratch.  
Contains no poisons, but does the work. You  
get the genuine at



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Opposite City Hall

TO  
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BUSINESS  
MAN

The personal contact feature of conversation over  
the telephone is what counts.  
Don't write, telephone. It saves time and may be  
the means of closing that deal.  
Use the Long Distance wires of the Arizona Tele-  
phone Company; two new copper circuits to Los  
Angeles; the service is perfect.

Arizona Telephone and Telegraph Co.  
The Only Long Distance Co. in Arizona

## The Farmers and Merchants Bank

Beginning Saturday, June 24th, and every Saturday  
thereafter, this bank will open at 3 p. m. and close  
at 9 p. m. for the accommodation of the public.

4 Per Cent on  
Savings  
Accounts  
2 Per Cent on  
Checking  
Accounts

A tenderfoot feeder once put green spectacles on his stock and  
fed them shavings. To him it did not matter what they ate so long  
as they were fed. Calculate what your feed costs; see that it is  
palatable, easily digested and full of nourishment, and you will buy  
Zona-Falfa Feeds.

ARIZONA ALFALFA MILLING CO., Manufacturers of  
Zona-Falfa Meal, Zona-Falfa Poultry Feed  
Zona-Falfa Dairy Feed, Makes 'em lay.  
Zona-Falfa Dairy Feed, A milk producer.  
Zona-Falfa Horse Feed, Taffy-Falfa  
A balanced ration. Alfalfa, meal and molasses.

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Three Big Vaudeville Attractions

Here are some new ones that you have not seen  
before. Don't miss those Brown twins and Clara  
Collins (Mr. Collins, please).

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The greatest of male impersonators,  
one of the biggest hits of the west-  
ern circuits.

Brown & Brown

The Mischievous Kids, in an act that  
can better be appreciated than de-  
scribed.

Nelson & Nelson

An imitable singing, talking and dan-  
cing team, with piano specialties.

Picture Plays

"The Little Rid-  
er"

"Love's Ebb and  
Flow"

"Sherlock  
Holmes Juni-  
or"

## THE STRIKER

By P. C. MACFARLANE

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Publishing Co.)

As they stopped before the door,  
Jennie appeared for an instant, wring-  
ing her hands, and then her white face  
was gone. John hurried into the  
house, fearing the worst. And yet he  
was unprepared for the change in the  
baby's appearance in the few hours  
since he had played with his knees  
and sought to pull his great fingers  
from his hands. He lay upon the pil-  
low so much like a withered flower  
that John stopped involuntarily,  
though he had meant to take him in  
his arms.

"Hello, Little Wiggler!" he said,  
with a breaking voice.

The drooping lids opened and stea-  
died themselves for a moment, while a  
glance of intelligence and recognition  
that would be the father's last and  
dearest memory of his baby boy passed  
between them. But it was only for  
an instant, and as the lids drooped  
again, John saw a mist come from the  
outer corners of the eyes and gradu-  
ally suffuse the pupils. The doctor  
had touched the wax-like wrist for a  
moment and stood aside helpless. As  
the eyes closed, John looked into the  
young man's sympathetic face, and  
read the verdict.

Little Wiggler was dead.

Somehow, presently, John, feeling  
that it was so cruelly unnecessary, this  
sacrifice of the life of the innocent,  
light-hearted, affectionate child, was  
sitting on the bed with the baby in his  
arms and trying to coax it back to life,  
while Jennie kept on the door with  
her face in the baby's gown and  
cried, "O, my little heart!"

Two days after this a great, gaunt  
figure of a man in shop clothes ap-  
peared in the office of the Rockport  
Foundry and Machine Company.  
Clerks looked at him wonderingly, but  
his face was a forbidding one, and  
there was, moreover, a high light on  
it, as of one who knew whether he was  
going. He had passed through the  
outer offices, had run the gauntlet of  
the high desks in the accounting de-  
partment, and landed by chance in the  
rooms of the secretary of the Com-  
pany.

A clerk spoke to him.

"Looking for the Assistant Superin-  
tendent, aren't you?"

"What?" gulped the man, and then,  
as he walked over the clerk as he  
spied a sort of anteroom, and be-  
yond that a door that bore the word  
"President."

One side of this anteroom was a  
smaller room with a young woman  
sitting before a typewriter, and beside  
the young woman stood with her  
arms crossed a man in a suit, and  
one foot in a chair, dictating. He was heavy  
shouldered, double chin, with  
bleached out hair and gray eyes that  
were bright and glistering.

The stranger's hand was almost on  
the knob of the door marked "Presi-  
dent" when a stairway darkly in-  
terposed himself.

"You can't see the President," he  
remarked, politely but decisively.  
"So help me God, I will see him!"

"The answer in a voice so deep  
that it seemed to originate in the lower  
levels of a sort of hell, sounded the  
lethargy of human feeling."

The man in the little room at the  
side had ceased his dictation with the  
appearance of the stranger, and now  
walked out and accosted him.

"I am Mr. Collins," he said frankly.  
"You wish to see me? Well, in."

He threw open the door of the Presi-  
dent's office and followed in after his  
visitor, closing the door again before  
the surprised negro, the whites of  
whose eyes were rolling in astonish-  
ment.

"My name's Martin," the stranger  
beamed benignly.

"Don't care what your name is,"  
said the President brusquely but not un-  
kindly. "You're one of the strikers.  
I remember seeing your face about  
the works. I'm glad of the oppor-  
tunity to tell you a few things. You  
men have made a mistake of yoursel-  
ves, long enough. Yes, don't flare up now;  
that's all there is to it. Foolishness  
and ignorance explain this strike.

We've never made any distinction be-  
tween a union man and a non-union  
man. Now you come in and organize  
all the shops, and the higher  
rate of wages, recognition of the union  
shop committees and all that sort  
of thing, practically taking our works  
out of our hands and into yours. Now  
that's all there is to it. It ain't a  
question of hours with us. It ain't a  
question of wages. It's a question of  
control of our business, now and al-  
ways. You are fighting for today. We  
are fighting for all the future. If your  
union wins this fight, it'll fight again  
and again and again. We employers  
all feel the same way about it. Might  
be well kill the business at once and  
shake it to death one year at a time.  
That's the fight on our side—Martin,  
did you say your name was?"

Martin tried to speak. He had come  
to say something himself, not to listen;  
but this forceful person, with his clear,  
crisp, snappy words and his cocksure  
manner, with an eye that transfixed  
him and made him mute, was doing  
the talking.

"That's the fight," the President  
went on. "We manufacturers are  
standing together. All our re-  
sources are pledged to the winning of  
it, because if you win it our resources  
amount to nothing."

There was no logic in this, and John  
knew it. But the man was apparently  
accustomed to sway by the force of  
will rather than by the power of logic,  
and at the same time the molder's own  
prearranged arguments seemed to melt  
away before this mind which appeared  
to give off force like a lump of radium.

John was sitting and feeling humble  
and forlorn and helpless. Mechanically  
he was turning his hat in his hand,  
and just now the crane bow freshly  
put on came uppermost, bringing  
prominently to his mind the things  
which had really in these two days  
never actually left his thoughts for a  
moment, that dull, sore pang that lay  
upon his heart like a living coal.

"You can't hold out against our re-  
sources," the President concluded em-  
phatically; "you can't hold out!"

(To be continued)

## LABOR HOSTS HAVE A HOLIDAY

(Continued From Page One)

moniously constructed. That which  
is just is beneficial to all.

"When that which is unjust is done,  
that which is prejudicial will arise  
as a necessary consequence. When  
that which is prejudicial arises, in-  
convenience will be experienced by  
those who suffer the injustice. When  
this inconvenience becomes excessive,  
it will produce clamor for change.

But knowledge must show the true  
cause of suffering before the clamor  
can become effectual to produce or  
extort a permanent change.

"Right should lead to possession;  
not might. Thus the diffusion of a  
knowledge of true economics will  
gradually lead to the best political  
state. It is essential, in the estab-  
lishing of governments, that the un-  
privileged classes should be informed  
of and correctly understand the cause  
of their systematic suffering.

"What, then, is the rule of life  
with relation to each other, for those  
the millions of human beings asso-  
ciated upon the earth? Strange as  
it may seem, order and harmony is  
the rule of life throughout the whole  
of nature otherwise, but with man we  
record an exception. Why is it that  
confusion, turmoil, and strife is ever  
present with these superior beings,  
while order and harmony is the rule  
of the universe? Why is it that  
through all the history of the human  
race poverty follows progress? Why  
is it that the clamor for change has  
been universal and continuous through-  
out the life of civilization? And why  
is it in our country we have such in-  
stitutions as labor organizations?"

"Why is it that in a country like  
this, just in the formative period of  
development, when all labor should be  
most richly rewarded, when all labor  
should be most fully employed, that  
this clamor for change exists and the  
labor troubles are growing worse each  
year?"

"There is and there must neces-  
sarily be truth and falsehood in  
politics as much as in mathematics  
and astronomy; and we have no hesi-  
tation in believing that are the great  
certain of eternity shall have fallen  
on the ruins of man's terrestrial ex-  
istence, legislation will come to be an  
exclusive application of a certain  
truth to the condition of men upon  
the earth, as mechanics is the ap-  
plication of ascertained truth to the  
conditions of matter."

"Men are beginning to emerge from  
political superstitions and party idola-  
try, and to cast about for the ob-  
jective law, which, when the intellect  
discovers it, shall be acknowledged to  
be the true political association  
and legislation."

"There is a vast troubling of the  
waters, which indicates a crying de-  
sire for political truth; and whatever  
interests may be implicated in the  
struggle, there can be but little doubt  
that truth shall be evolved and that  
the world shall yet see it carried in-  
to practical and universal application.

What, then, is the fundamental law?  
According to the divine plan of  
nature, men and women on this  
earth have a right to associate with  
and love each other; and if they have  
that right, then children have a right  
to be born; and if a child has a right  
to be born, and if a child has a right  
to live, and if a child has a right to  
live, it has a right to a place to live,  
and if it is necessary in this world  
to work in order to live, then, when  
that child reaches the age of maturity,  
it has a right to work, and when it  
works, it has a right to the full  
fruitage of its toil, and no man has  
a right to any portion of the prod-  
ucts of that labor without that  
child's consent."

"To secure these rights, then, and  
to establish and secure equality of  
opportunity for all, is the problem of  
labor and politics. In the solving  
of this great problem labor should  
take the leading part, because labor  
is the one that suffers the injustice  
and feels the inconvenience. From  
him must come the cry or clamor for  
change."

Tracing the history of some things  
that labor had done for betterment,  
Mr. Worsley continued. "This is the  
reason for labor organizations. Labor  
organizations have been labor's only  
friend. I say only friend. Politics  
and politicians never. Only after  
the labor party of England threatened  
political revolution, were the women  
unhindered from the coal cars. Labor  
is the most sacred thing on earth.  
To degrade it is to degrade every-  
thing else. Who, then, should di-  
rect the officials of labor in this  
struggle? Organized labor. Labor  
should own the inventions of its own  
brain; the great machines that are  
displacing labor. Machines should be  
used to increase wages and shorten  
the hours of toil. Now they are  
used to crush men and make crim-  
inals, and thus increase labor's bur-  
den, for society must support all of  
its members. Police courts are the  
most expensive way of doing this.  
We could support them much cheaper  
at first class hotels, but we do not  
know it. Or the criminal's sent by  
England to her penal islands of Aus-  
tralia and Tasmania, more than  
ninety per cent, under improved con-  
ditions, became home builders and  
lovers of justice."

"Organized labor," continued Mr.  
Worsley, "should work for interna-  
tional conciliation (peace). More  
than \$200,000,000 per year are expend-  
ed for militarism in our country; yet  
the church teaches 'thou shalt not  
kill.' Organized labor should work  
for public ownership of all public  
utilities, and especially of transporta-  
tion. It should work for public own-  
ership of the natural resources of  
the country. Organized labor should  
work for a system of taxation that  
would tax back into the treasury of  
the community each year the value  
that adheres to land because of the  
presence of that community, thus pre-  
venting land monopoly and specula-  
tion in vacant land. Organized labor  
should work for a shorter work day,  
What do you think of a country's in-

which one-half the people are worked  
to death, while the other half can  
find no work to do? I am for an  
eight-hour work day. In a world like  
this, why should anybody want? It  
is because we allow a few to own  
nature's field of employment. Or-  
ganized labor must study economics.  
Then the kingdom of heaven will  
come and touch every land."

Mr. Phillips' Address.

"I am on the program to make an  
address of welcome, but there has  
evidently been some misunderstand-  
ing between Mr. McNew and myself.  
I understood that I was to make the  
introductory speech, and had prepared  
one. Later I discovered that it was  
expected to be an address of welcome;  
so I was left in the dark as just  
what to say. For this reason I gave  
over to our friend who has just spoken  
to us the time for the first address,  
and I now fall in as a sort of echo of  
it."

I am not much of a religionist. There  
are religions and religions, but there is  
only one great cause of the human race.  
I believe profoundly in man—his hopes,  
his desires, his fears.

I am a friend and supporter to his  
deepest, most sacred and helpful in-  
terests. I believe in the cause of labor,  
because its struggle is to bring about  
an answer to these secret hopes and  
desires. I am also a profound believer  
in the Laborer's God, his creator, and  
the only reason God has not conferred  
upon him answers to these higher  
wants and noblest and holiest desires  
is that man has not been intellectually  
equipped enough to hold them had God  
recognized and answered his prayers.

The great mass of mankind is too self-  
ish, too self-contained, too uninterested  
in the greatest good of all to make it  
possible to bring about the great good  
we all dream of.

I know because I'm often told  
By those who ought to know, I guess.  
That far above, uncounted gold  
Is human life and happiness.

Yet—always yet; but—always but,  
A world of woes must ever be  
To hosts the door of joy is shut.  
And who, I wonder, holds the key.

Their myriads the railroads kill.  
But men must take what fortune sends;  
To make things safe, or pay the bill.  
Would play the deuce with dividends.

A proless mine—roof broke and fell,  
And hundreds died—God's will be done!  
If galleries were timbered well  
Our coal would cost us more per ton.

'Twill be no ease to check the trade  
In crackers, bombs and powder toys;  
For think of those whose means are  
made

By peddling death to little boys.  
Yes, wealth must have her toll of men,  
And wealth is scarce to be despised;  
But I confess that now and then,  
I wish we were not civilized.

I heartily endorse the remarks made  
by my predecessor on the stand that  
we are not civilized; that we are not  
civilized as far as the greatest good  
and greatest justice to men are con-  
cerned. Too much is civilization the  
rule of self. We are not interested  
enough in one another. The principle  
of that highest civilization, fraught  
with the highest good to all, is love to  
all men; love to every man; every man  
considered in every man's interests. The  
profit of the earth is for all; the profit  
of every man's labor is for all. The  
greatest crime of this age is men's  
lack of faith in each other; of man in  
man,—of people in people, of various  
crafts in other crafts, the members of  
various crafts in the members of other  
crafts. Carpenters should respect the  
needs of the laborers in every other  
branch of toil. The sacred interests of  
every laborer are wrapped up in the  
sacred interests of every other laborer.

Friends of the laboring man, let me  
speak plainly to you. This is not my  
struggle; it is not your struggle;  
the capitalist's struggle, with all of his  
varied interests, alone; it is our strug-  
gle. The interests wrapped up in your  
secret desires are wrapped up in the  
largest good, and welfare of the multi-  
millionaire or the financiering agents  
of the industrial world. No man stands  
or falls to himself alone. The race can  
only be saved by saving all. It is not  
the problem of every man. It is the  
problem of every man.

Now then, as I am situated, it is not  
of the question for me to make the  
historical demonstration that I might  
otherwise have made, if I had carried  
out the purpose of my whole address;  
but, to close my words, let me say  
that never before, in the history of

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nations (has there been so bright a  
promise in answer to our longed de-  
sires. Never before in the history of  
the world, men, has it been conceived  
of, or even susseined, that the people  
at large, through the powers and forces  
of organized government, had the right  
to interfere and direct the matters of  
private enterprise and finance; but that  
has now been admitted to be constitu-  
tional, and is defended by the decision  
of our highest courts. It is true that  
same branches, of the labor world feel  
this to be a make-believe, and not  
really intended seriously; but I believe  
it is serious on the part of those who  
have said it, and of the powers that be.  
However, if you admit a doubt against  
the recent serious judgment of our  
courts in this direction, what is the  
secret of the make-believe if it is not  
out of regard for the judgment of the  
great mass of the world's life.

Whatever you may feel about it, this  
much is certainly true: the tendency  
of the time is against the untrammelled  
and selfish swing of power and might;  
and that right and reason, with their  
attendant blessing of justice, shall pre-  
vail.

It does not occur to me to say, and  
in fact no man knows, what form of  
social life is going to take place soon;  
but we are on the eve of a new order  
of things. Some may claim for sci-  
entific socialism; others, with equal en-  
thusiasm, endorse a co-operative com-  
monwealth; no mortal can say what  
shall be. But men, and laborers, it be-  
lieves you and me, and all who are  
profoundly interested in the welfare of  
our race, to so act and speak that we  
may not hinder the cause of right. We  
must have greater faith in one another.  
It is not a question of laborers fighting  
laborers, or laborers fighting enterprise,  
or vice versa—we have no quarrel with  
any man. It is for us to teach and  
make known and understood through-  
out society, the principles necessary for  
the greatest social good. Don't fight  
the darkness and dense ignorance in  
blind fashion; but turn on the light of  
truth and intelligence.

It may be out of my province to make  
any mention of the McNamara matter;  
it may be questionable for me to say  
anything with regard to it; but I speak  
without hesitation and in the purest  
conviction, when I say, my sympathies  
are with the laboring man. I do not  
but, to close my words, let me say  
that never before, in the history of

ment in the case, but I do say, men,  
every union and every trades union  
should produce the strongest support  
and present the strongest defense, that  
justice may be discovered and the  
whole question of right and wrong be  
held before a waiting and listening  
world.

If You Say "Grape  
Juice," you may Get  
any Grape Juice.

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